Volume LXIX CHICAGO, AUGUST 8, 1912 Number 23

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Tower Hill Thirty-first Annual Grove Meeting

Sunday, August 11, 1912

WOMAN'S DAY.

Program arranged by Miss Ada James and Miss Gwendolyn Wyllis, of the Wisconsin State Suffrage Association and Political Equality League.

SPEAKERS.

The Baroness von Suttner, Mrs. May Wright Lewall, Mrs. Mary D. Bradford, superintendent of the Kenosha Public Schools, and Coach John R. Richards of the University of Wisconsin.

Miss Zona Gale, author of "Friendship Village" and other

Miss Zona Gale, author of "Friendship Village," and other prominent workers in the state.

Conference of workers, Saturday, 8 p. m.

Speaking, Sunday, 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

Basket dinner between services.

Vesper Reading—an original story by Zona Gale, 8 p. m.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones will preside.

Parties coming by rail will please notify Mrs. Lackersteen, Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

Buy Tickets and check baggage to Helena, Wis.

Conveyance will meet 6 p. m. train from the East, and 8 a. m. train for the West.

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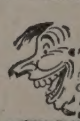
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1912. NUMBER 23.

Brace

Thine arm for conflict, nerve thy heart to meet—
As things alike to thee—pleasure or pain,
Profit or ruin, victory or defeat;
So minded, gird thee to the fight, for so
Thou shalt not sin!

Is the following item trustworthy? Is the argument sound? If so, why so? If not, let somebody say so and we will print it in UNITY:

Whenever a jobber buys a car load of sugar, his invoice includes about $510 for the duty. Whenever a housewife buys a dollar's worth of sugar, she gets only seventy cents' worth of sugar, the other thirty cents of her dollar being for the duty. Moreover, every can of preserved fruit, every jar of jam and jelly, every piece of candy, every glass of soda water, and even every stick of chewing gum, must yield its share of the inexorable demand of the government and the beet sugar interests.

The Honorable Charles Russell, who is reported as being "a distinguished Roman Catholic of England," the son of Lord Russell, argues, as reported in the *Christian Socialist* for July 4th, that there is no reason why the Roman Catholic Church should declare itself against Socialism. He wisely argues, as we think, that: "There is nothing on the face of that proposition which is contrary to Christianity or to Catholicism."

The *Literary Digest* for July 20 contains a clear account of his work, a speaking picture, and a merited tribute to Clifford W. Barnes, the President and ever executive leader of the Chicago Evening Club, that has now for several years filled Orchestra Hall with an earnest, attentive, democratic crowd, that has overflowed the three thousand seats. Chicago is a better place to live in because Clifford W. Barnes works there. There are others, but not enough of them. Let the work of Mr. Barnes be studied and duplicated. May his spirit prove contagious.

Those are pretty pictures in the *Literary Digest* of July 20 of the wholesome families of French Canadians. Two pairs of stairs, representing sixteen children each, with husky fathers and mothers at the head of the lines. It is claimed that the population of French Canada is doubled in every twenty-five years. It is further claimed that the cause of this lies in the fact that "Canada is still religious, that they have kept the ancient faith of their fathers." This may not be the adequate cause, but surely the cause is well worth seeking.

The Rev. Paul Harris Drake, until recently pastor of the Second Unitarian Parish of Saco, Maine, is the second Unitarian minister who has recently been deposed by a vote of the parish for the confessed reason of socialistic interest and zeal, the other one being the Rev. Percy M. Dawson, whose pastorate at Ann Arbor was brought to a close a few months ago for a similar reason. According to the *Biddiford Journal,* Mr. Drake is to begin a "People's Church" movement in Portland, Maine, with the following Bond of Union:

We, the undersigned, believing in a purely democratic and "free religious" church organization, do desire to organize and support such a movement to be known as "The Peoples Church of Portland, Maine,"—a church where the truth can be preached and honest convictions uttered without fear or favor.

The church is to be non-sectarian and undenominational. Refusing a creed basis, the purpose, as declared by Mr. Drake is, "To lead and inspire all seekers after truth, whether religious, ethical, political or economic. The church is to be dedicated to the common good and the world-wide service of humanity." This is one more small sign of a large movement in our times. There will be many blunders and outward failures, much crudeness and unwisdom, but all the signs go to show that the heart of humanity is allying itself more and more with the freedom of the head, the helpfulness of the hand and the sanctity of the individual judgment.

The *Survey* for July 13 gives reviews of five most remarkable lives, the association of which on the printed pages of a weekly ournal is very significant. Brockway lived long enough to tell the story of his fifty years' work for the amelioration of prison discipline and the elevation of the convict. The story of William Pryor Letchworth is the story of the movement for the amelioration of the gruesome situation in which the unfortunate epileptics find themselves. E. T. Cook, his editor, tells in two volumes the life of John Ruskin, who in spite of all criticism, remains as a Sage and Saint in the calendar of the world's true heroes. Henry Demarest Lloyd finds in his own son a biographer, notice of whose two-volume work has already been printed in UNITY. The fifth is the

name of a Japanese sage, unknown to us, unknown or but little known on this side of the Pacific, Kinjiro Ninomiya. He died in 1856, in his fifty-seventh year. After his death he received the title of "Respecter of the Virtuous," and this honorable title of Sontoku has replaced the name given him at birth. This review says that "He started a co-operative loan society twenty years before similar organizations were started in Germany." The life of this benefactor is being distributed at Government expense by the Department of Agriculture and Commerce. Let the United States take notice. Let it buy fewer cannon and distribute more copies of the lives of the notable and loving.

The Devastation of Roeder's Hog Pasture

Roeder is a thrifty neighbor of Tower Hill. A highly cultivated hillside slope of six or eight acres overlooking the Wisconsin River, constitutes an ideal hog pasture on which from year to year has been raised a thriving, profitable, high bred "bunch" of pigs. We use the word "high-bred" deliberately, for the pigs that befit this clover field are not of the razor-back, steel-pointed kind that "root" for a living. The snout has been well-nigh bred off of this civilized pig, and for the porkers who still yield to the uncivilized passion to tear up the sod, a neat and harmless contrivance of wire is adjusted to the snout of the pig to enforce clover field manners.

When the representatives of UNITY returned to Tower Hill this year, they found the hog pasture guttered and rutted and ditched into geometric figures, and littered with various unseemly piles of straw left on the ground, disfiguring the landscape and menacing, if not destroying, the clover and Timothy roots underneath.

Upon inquiry it was found that the cause of this devastation or wanton destruction of hog luxury and agricultural thriftiness was the visitation of a military column. An "army," variously estimated in the countryside at from one to three thousand soldiers, marching through had camped, a part of them, on Roeder's hog pasture, from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning, less than forty-eight hours. This sudden appearance of a military column, unheralded, the existence of which was practically unknown or unsuspected, constituted a sensation that stirred the country for a radius of twenty-five to thirty miles. That Sunday the country churches were emptier than usual, for all roads leading to Roeder's hog-pasture were crowded with vehicles, wagons, carriages, buggies. They came afoot and on horseback to see the soldiers, to admire the polished buttons, the close-fitting khaki jackets, the big mules, ponderous gasoline auto-cars and rapid-shooting guns. Of course the boys and the girls were there with gaping mouths to wonder and to admire; the young farm hands, the milkers, haymakers and hog raisers, of two or more counties were there with their best girls, to feel the lure of the camp that escapes the sweat, the grime and the grease that besets the worker in the field and the barnyard. There is a tradition, now only a few weeks old, which will greatly grow with the years, of a gallant young lieutenant who was a "beautiful player on the piano," and there were sentimental young ladies, and ladies not so young, so the tradition runs, to invite this musical prodigy in uniform, perhaps with some singing comrades, to come in and spend the evening, and they had a "Musicale"—we are not sure that that is the proper word, but the term ought to be "classy" to fit the elegant accomplishments of a soldier. This is tradition. We will not vouch for the fact, but we have abundant reason for believing that here were attentions given and favors granted by right-minded and modest women, to officers and privates, that in any other walk of life, or for any other class of citizens, would be considered imprudent and ill-mannered, if not indecent.

On Monday morning the army was again mobilized, the glory on the hillside was gone and Roeder's hog pasture was devastated. There is a rumor afloat among the farmers that this hard-working and thrifty German farmer received two-hundred and fifty dollars compensation for the broken sod, the straw and whatever other contribution he may have been able to make to the comfort and safety of the United States Army. Presumably the farmer was satisfied, for the United States Government is not stingy on these lines. We trust the hog pasture was not permanently injured. The ditches dug around the tents and the ruts of cannons and wagon-wheels will be repaired by nature, and the Berkshire pig in due time; but there came into this countryside with this moving army a glamor of war, a glory of the soldier, the recrudescence of the martial spirit which is reactionary, demoralizing. It devastated the ideals of peace, it inflamed the young minds with a false enthusiasm, it distorted the ideas of patriotism and destroyed the perspective of moral values.

There is more to be said on the material side. For many years, with much labor and inadequate civic support, the "Path-master" of the Tower Hill district had "clayed" the sandy hill and made a good road that offered an enjoyable ride to Helena Station, from whence, UNITY in these days, derives its intellectual and other pabulum and through which passes the editorial stream. But this long procession of heavy wagons and still more destructive auto-cars, broke down, tore up, ditched and pitch-holed the road that makes travel thereon all summer a burden to the horses and a trial to the human. What happened on

Tower Hill was done more or less all along the march. This idle column dragging itself over the country, represented money and human muscle enough to lift the road over which they marched, into an efficiency never yet reached. The $250 paid for the devastation of a hog pasture would make ecstatic the "Pathmaster" of this road district, and he would say: "Give me that money and I will give you 'dandy' roads in my territory!"

What was this all about? The secrecy that characterizes the mobilization of an army in the time of war was successfully simulated in the profound depths of peace which broods over these beautiful hills and fertile valleys. They came unheralded, they went and left behind them only guesses, on behalf of the soldiery as well as the civilians, which are yet unsolved. So little attention has been given to these warlike movements that UNITY is constrained to give a large space of this issue to the enlightenment of its constituency along these directions.

We clip from the daily press, because we feel that in the crush of other matters, these authenticated reports of the Associated and other Press despatches are in danger of being overlooked. We hope that the republication will challenge the attention of at least a few editors, preachers, teachers, parents, and above all voters, and compel them to ask: How long, O how long is this foolishness to continue? Our first reprint is from the pen of J. W. Bollenbeck, Staff Correspondent of the *Wisconsin State Journal*. We print it because it comes from one on the ground, so to speak. Writing from Camp McCoy, Wis., under date of July 22, he says:

Three hundred and sixty square miles of land between this point and the Wisconsin State reservation at Camp Douglas will be the scene for ten days after Thursday of this week of the greatest mimic campaign and warfare ever conducted in the United States.

Two forces of 4,000 men in each will leave the two reservations thirty-five miles apart by road, and will assume a hostile attitude. Each will try to "annihilate" or capture the other just as in actual warfare. Actual conditions will be observed by both forces. Civilians will be seized and held for whatever information they possess about the opposing force, their location, strength, position of outposts, location of bridges and the like. The warfare will open at 7 o'clock Thursday morning and will end at Camp McCoy on August 3. In extent of territory covered it will be the greatest military campaign ever held in the country in time of peace.

In command of the "regulars" who leave Camp McCoy will be Col. O'Connor of the Sixth United States Cavalry of Fort Des Moines, Iowa. He will have under him the First United States Provisional Regiment of 2,000 men consisting of troops from Fort Crook, Iowa; Fort Snelling, Minn.; Fort Sheridan, Ill.; and Fort Brady, Mich., in command of Col. R. N. Getty of Fort Sheridan; eight troops of United States cavalry, one battery and half of an ambulance company from Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

Starting from Camp Douglas will be the Second and Third Wisconsin and the Third Illinois Regiment of the National Guard, Battery A of the First Wisconsin Artillery of Milwaukee, and a half ambulance company from Fort Leavenworth, Kan., Col. Orlando Holway of La Crosse, commander of the Second Wisconsin regiment, will be in command of this brigade.

The troops to leave Camp McCoy are now in camp here. The Second and Third Wisconsin arrived at Camp Douglas today with the Milwaukee battery. They will spend Tuesday in rifle practice, each man shooting ten shots at targets at 200, 300 and 500 yard ranges. Drill will be held on Wednesday. Permanent camp will be broken on Wednesday afternoon and bivouac camp of shelter-tents will be pitched by the two regiments and the battery.

On the same afternoon the Third Illinois regiment will arrive and will pitch shelter camp for the night. The half ambulance company will arrive from Fort Leavenworth, Kan., and will spend the night in camp.

War will start at 7 o'clock Thursday morning when the forces of both camps will leave their respective reservations for the campaign. Mounted outposts will be sent out and patrols will be established to protect roads and bridges from the enemy. Outposts and patrols of the two hostile forces will be seized by each other whenever this can be done; in fact, every condition existing in times of war will be observed. Different colored bands of cloth will cover the hats of the two forces so that they can distinguish each other should outposts clash.

All men taking part in the march will carry heavy equipment consisting of a roll containing a rubber raincoat, tent pole, five tent pins, blanket haversack containing towel, soap, change of underwear and socks, tooth and hairbrush, tin or aluminum plates, knife, cup, fork and spoon; canteen, ammunition belt and harness to which to attach the haversack and canteen, and the eight pound magazine rifle. On account of the novelty of the work, especially for the state troops, the men will not be marched more than seven miles daily for the first few days. Bivouac camp will be pitched every night and the men will have to sleep on the bare earth.

Umpires will be appointed to accompany both troops and advise the officers when ridiculous or inadvisable movements are tried.

The next day, July 23, the same correspondent writing from the Wisconsin Military Reservation, Camp Douglas, Wis., says:

Thunderous volleys of rifle reports spiced with frequent crashes of cannons were a continuous occurrence at Camp Douglas today. While the Second Regiment held its rifle practice this morning, the First Wisconsin Battery of four guns also held target practice and the result was nothing short of the real war-time article. The same program continued this afternoon except that the men of the Second Regiment were on the ranges. So large a number of men never before held rifle practice at the same time. The din of battle was continued throughout the day.

Battery A of Milwaukee arrived here late yesterday afternoon, carrying four guns, one battery and forge wagon, three escort wagons, ninety men and 105 horses. This is the first time in four years that the battery has been here and the result is that the battery is the chief object of interest in camp. In spite of the fact that the horses were taken out of Milwaukee livery barns and are unused to the work, the men are getting along in good shape with the equines.

The Second Regiment is the first Wisconsin infantry to use the new pyramidal tent, which is to replace the conical shaped cover. On account of the fact that the circular tents are the only ones which have prepared floors, the men in the Second will have to place their straw-filled sacks called "ticks" flat on the ground.

Six mounted members of Troop A, Milwaukee, arrived yesterday afternoon to act as orderlies for officers on the maneuver campaign.

Officers of the battery are Captain P. C. Westphal, First Lieutenant A. J. Comstock, Second Lieutenant E. S. Steinel and Second Lieutenant George Reed.

One of the horses rented for use in the maneuver campaign was shot yesterday afternoon by the battery veterinarian when its leg was broken, the result of being kicked by a strange horse.

Col. Orlando Holway of the Third Regiment, La Crosse, has been put in complete command of the brigade now in camp here. Lieutenant Colonel Richards of Sparta is acting colonel of the Third Regiment.

The unusual occurrence of a private in the ranks acting as "orderly" to his own father presented itself yesterday

when Private Orlando Holway, Jr., of La Crosse was appointed orderly" to his father, who is commander-in-chief.

Gen. C. R. Boardman, state adjutant-general; Col. John G. Salsman, adjutant-general of Madison; Captain Earl S. Driver of Madison; Captain Edgar T. Collins, state inspector-instructor, are all here for the encampment.

The program of events this week will be the same as last week. First call will be sounded at 5:15 a. m., "reveille" at 5:25, mess at 5:45, drill or rifle practice at 7, mess at 12, drill at 1:30, guard mounting at 2:20; mess at 6 and band concert at 7 p. m. Each regiment has its own band.

The report of Mr. Bollenbeck from Camp Douglas is introduced in large type on the front page of the paper with the startling words:

"WAR TO START NEAR BARABOO THIS AFTERNOON GREATEST MIMIC CONTEST BY NATIONAL DEPARTMENT BEGUN BETWEEN TROOPS
INVADERS FROM THE WEST REACH SPARTA"

The greatest military maneuver ever conducted west of the Allegheny Mountains by the United States war department started at 5 o'clock Wednesday evening when "war" was declared between the states west of the Mississippi against those on the opposite side of the stream.

Two forces of nearly 3,000 men are now at war with each other and a conflict is a matter of any moment, or as soon as the two forces meet. Col. Orlando Holway, La Crosse, is in charge of the "Blues" who are now concentrated near Camp Douglas. Major-General Hoyt of the Great Lakes Division of the United States army is in command of the "Reds" who are in the neighborhood of Sparta.

The general situation is the following:

The Mississippi River forms the boundary line between hostile states, east "Blue," west "Red." Better preparation and earlier obligation enabled a "Red" army shortly after the declaration of war to cross the frontier at La Crosse and advancing along the Chicago and Northwestern and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroads reached Sparta without encountering serious resistance.

Retiring Blue detachments destroyed both the railroads east from Sparta by blowing in the tunnels just west of Tunnel City, and the Red advance was continued from Sparta in a southeasterly direction along the Chicago and Northwestern railroad. In the meantime the Blues had succeeded in mobilizing and concentrating the bulk of their forces, and at the present time (July 24), the hostile armies on a more nearly equal footing are confronting each other south of Baraboo.

The Third Illinois regiment of twelve companies arrived late this afternoon after a 250 mile trip from that state and the Third Squadron of the Fifteenth United States Cavalry of Fort Sheridan, Ill., came in from Camp McCoy, thirty-four miles east of this point, to join with the Wisconsin troops in making a bridge.

Officers in command of the Reds who start from Camp McCoy will be Brigadier-General Hoyt of St. Paul, commander of the Lakes region division of the United States army. Col. Orlando Holway of La Crosse, commander of the Third Wisconsin, will direct the movements of the Blues who leave Camp Douglas Thursday morning.

Hostilities start at 7 a. m. From that time on to August 3, thirteen days, these two forces will conduct the greatest maneuver campaign the country has ever seen in time of peace. If property must be destroyed, there will be adjusters with each force to make good the damage.

General Hoyt will have with him the First United States Provisional Regiment of 2,000 men under Col. R. N. Getty of Fort Sheridan, Ill., Battery B. Fifth Field Artillery of Fort Snelling; the Second and Third Squadrons of the Sixth United States Cavalry from Fort Des Moines, Iowa. Col. Holway will have the Second and Third Wisconsin and the Third Illinois Infantry regiments, the Third Squadron of the Fifteenth United States Cavalry of Fort Sheridan, Ill.; Battery A, First Wisconsin Artillery, Milwaukee; half of an ambulance company from Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

Battery A of Milwaukee today occupied the center of attraction when the gunners stationed their cannons on a point about a mile west of camp and held target practice. All shooting was indirect firing, none of the gunners being able to see the target they were trying to hit. An officer with a field telescope stationed high on a nearby hill noted the hits and by a signal code informed the men of his observations. The work was extremely interesting and was watched from a safe distance by hundreds of men.

Camp was broken this afternoon by the two regiments and everyone tonight on the reservation will sleep in "dog-tents."

The two bands will leave camp tomorrow morning early to return to their respective destinations, Marshfield and Viroqua. Last night being their second night here, both bands played.

A heavy rain lasting from 6:40 to 8 o'clock yesterday morning delayed rifle practice three hours and kept the men on the ranges until nearly 7 o'clock. The highest score unofficially recorded on the ranges was that of Lieutenant Schwandt, Company B, Oshkosh, Second Regiment, who scored 137 out of a possible 150 points.

The blood-curdling campaign is continuing, for next day we read:

The Second and Third Wisconsin Regiments today entered upon one of the greatest games of war in their history. "War" was declared at 5 o'clock last night between the states east of the Mississippi and those on the opposite side. The west forces have opened hostilities and are being known as the Reds. In Wisconsin the Blue army has concentrated near Baraboo in theory, but its actual fighting force is near Camp Douglas. According to theory there are thousands of men engaged in the conflict, but in fact only two brigades are engaged. Troops representing the Blue army are now marching toward Sparta, where Reds have marched without encountering resistance.

All telephones and telegraph lines supposedly are out of commission. The Reds are advancing in an effort to maintain communication both by rail and by other methods. Telephones and telegraph stations west of the Reds are "in order" but east of them they are out of existence. The Blue army has telephone, telegraph and rail connection from its rear, the east, but has no real means of communication in the direction of the enemy.

Col. Orlando Holway of the Third Wisconsin today commands the brigade of nearly 3,000 men including over 2,200 infantry, 250 cavalry, 100 artillery, 40 ambulance men. He is opposing Brigadier-General Hoyt who has with him 1,950 infantrymen, 500 cavalry, 100 artillery, and a half ambulance company from Fort Russell, Wyo.

Camp Douglas last night presented a typical wartime camp. All of the men slept in "dog-tents." The Second and Third Wisconsin and the Third Illinois took down whatever large tents they used and pitched the shelter-tents yesterday afternoon. Last night the entire camp presented the nearest approach to a genuine war camp that it has shown in all its history. Over 2,500 men slept in the three-foot tents. Everything moved out of camp this morning.

The work of the battery yesterday afternoon shooting at distances far over a mile away from its target was one of the most interesting things seen here in four years when the battery was here last. The guns were stationed about three-quarters of a mile north of camp and directed their fire at a target inside of the reservation, just below a large stone cliff. The thunder of four guns fired in almost rapid succession was unusual to nearly all of the men here excepting the officers.

A large part of the day was spent in preparing for the ten days' maneuver campaign. Tents were taken down, equipment was packed up and all other preparations were made.

The umpires for the Blue army will number twelve. These men have decorated their hats with white bands to be distinguished from the combatants. War correspondents are accompanying the troops also. They are wearing a red band on the right arm, which is the regulation distinguishing mark for war correspondents and which enables them to move about without danger of seizure or capture by hostile forces.

Rifle scores were figured yesterday. The work of two regiments shooting scores in a single day is a remarkable record for the camp. Col. R. B. McCoy was in charge of this work. Scores of the Second Regiment show that Company E of Fond du Lac has the crack marksmen of the regiment. This company scored forty-eight "marksmen" in rifle practice. These men all scored 98 or over out of a

possible 150 points in work on the class C course, shooting ten shots at 200, 300 and 500 yards.

There is a furious program for July 25 reported in full on the 26th.

Short marches were made yesterday by both the Red and Blue armies in their maneuver campaign which started at 7 o'clock yesterday morning. All men were in good condition and were continually on the watch for enemy lurking in brushes or in secluded spots along the roads, cross roads and other places of travel. (!!!)

Eight men and an officer were captured yesterday morning by the outposts of the Blue army, which started from Camp Douglas. A skirmish took place about seven miles from camp in which an outpost of Blue cavalry rushed upon and surprised an outpost of Red cavalry. The Reds started to resist but heavy firing on the part of the Blues forced them to retire. In the exchange of shots considerable noise was made and the echo resounding among the hills and stone cliffs of the country caused other Blue cavalry on parallel roads to hear the encounter. These dashed to the vicinity and lay in ambush awaiting development.

Dashing at top speed up the roadway the nine men of the Red outpost suddenly were confronted by the muzzles of the rifles of the Blue outpost who sprang out from their ambush. Although a Red captain made good his escape, the eight men and Lieutenant Colley were captured. They were turned into the Blue advance chiefs and then forwarded to headquarters where a strong guard was placed over them.

Both armies camped in places totally unknown to each other last night. The Reds had an ideal grounds miles away from the enemy. The Blues extended their camp along foothills, in fields, on roadsides and in their position were situated in a secluded narrow valley surrounded by hills and rocky cliffs. Men were stationed in all of these hills, and on all roads, cross roads, railroad crossings and other points of vantage on outpost and patrol duty.

The Blue army started from Camp Douglas at 7 o'clock Thursday morning. In spite of the heavy rains and wet land in this vicinity, no wet roads were encountered by the Blues.

The line of march included the cavalry, advance guard, then followed the main body, the rear guard and the wagon train. Each company was allowed one wagon train for baggage and the like.

Reports reached Brigadier-General Ralph W. Hoyt today that Valley Junction, Wyville and Oakdale had been destroyed by his cavalry yesterday morning. The infantry, cavalry and artillery did the work of destruction at Valley Junction. The cavalry went nine miles to Oakdale and destroyed that village. A seven mile trip landed the cavalry at Wyville, which place also was destroyed.

Reports from field officers showed that the Reds had ascertained some information about the Blue patrols and outposts. Although indefinite in their information, the unofficial statements were that the Blue outposts were not very heavy.

We beg our readers to remember that the *Wisconsin State Journal* from which we clip these reports is published within fifty or sixty miles of "the seat of action," it is "home" news, and it aims to give an unbiased report of the indisputable facts. There is here no exaggeration and it is not the fault of the press or of the Government if these maneuvers are not watched with bated breath from ocean to ocean. The "latest" at this writing is taken from the report of the Associated Press as found in the *Chicago Record-Herald* of July 26th. It runs thus:

Camp Douglas, Wis., July 25.—The battle between the Reds, composed wholly of United States troops, and the Blues, composed of regular troops and state militia, began at dawn today.

On the theory that the Reds had invaded a hostile country by crossing the Mississippi River at La Crosse, Wis., and already had planted their flag in the interior as far as Tomah, nineteen miles east of Sparta, the Blues broke camp at daylight and hastened to meet their foes.

It is expected that the two armies, which are to fight out a mimic campaign on a basis as near an actual war footing as possible, will not face each other within the next thirty-six hours, because much theoretical burning of bridges and blowing up of railroads is to be done to harass the advancing enemy.

Already the Blues have posted on a railroad tunnel the notice, "This tunnel has been blown up," and this is expected effectually to cut off the Reds from their base of supplies on the government military reservation at Camp McCoy.

Many state and federal experts are with the troops. One important functionary left with the Blues today. He is Lieutenant Robert M. Beck, Jr., known as a "damage officer," who is detailed to record the claims of farmers and others who allege damage of property because of the movements of the troops through unharvested crops.

Colonel Orlando Holway, in command of the Blues, got under way before 7 a. m., the column of infantry, artillery and cavalry, with its retinue of provision and ammunition wagons, straggling over a line almost two miles long.

The Reds, with 4,000 men, had covered more than half of the advance on the Blues without having been repulsed, and were reported today to be still marching eastward to meet the enemy.

Now, in the name of all sense, why this wicked strain, this material outlay, the cost of oats and hay, of bread and coffee, the wear of flesh and spirit, the tearing to tatters of ideals, the humiliating contradiction of our pretensions, of interest in World Peace and the "reduction of armament," and all that?

While all this thing is going on unchallenged, unrebuked, with the consent of Senatorial committees, Cabinet Officers, Governors and President, there is reason to suspect that there is much "bombast" in our high pretensions. Is it not time that we stop this kind of nonsense, or else stop prating about the "High Gospel of Peace?"

Our vocabulary does not yield terms sufficiently strong to express the disgust and shame this kind of procedure visits upon the United States as we see it. We would be obliged to our orthodox neighbors if they would use language more lurid than our theology permits of. We do not approve of the use of slang in our editorial pages, but if "tom-foolery" or "tommy-rot" convey any superlative meanings in this connection we beg leave to use them. Tested by any of the tests of economy, psychology, patriotism, ethics or spirituality, this large way of playing at war, to us seems to outdo the silly qualities of the notorious Thompson's colt, who ran into the river to get out of the rain. The Playground Directors in our city are reviving an old English Folk Dance that would be better and cheaper practice for these soldiers:

Here comes the Duke of Marlborough
Marlborough
Marlborough
Here comes the Duke of Marlborough
With a Ransom, Tantsom, Tismatee.

Pray what is your good will, sir?
will, sir?
will, sir?

Pray what is your good will, sir?
With a Ransom, Tantsom, Tismatee.

My will is to get married,
married,
married,
My will is to get married,
With a Ransom, Tantsom, Tismatee.

Seriously, here is material for first hand study of the politics and morality of the in-time-of-peace-prepare-for-war policy. We contend that the real defense of this country, even on the physical side, is not in this amateur soldiery, or even in the enforced idleness of the regular army, but in the stalwart young men who are loading hay while they march by. Aye, in the dauntless women who milk the cows and sell the milk and eggs to feed the "moving column."

Here is a chance for original research work. We commend it to the Carnegie and Ginn Peace Foundations. Let some expert investigator follow in the wake of the "armies," compile the statistics of the ambulance corps, the "damage officers" and the Police Courts along the line. Let such a reporter interview local editors, ministers and leading citizens, and then give wide publicity to the figures. We appeal to the Members of Congress, Cabinet Officers and the President, to look into this matter. If we mistake not, the nation has survived one hundred and thirty-six years before it has lapsed into such depths of aristocracy, monarchial spirit and the European wrong-way of doing things.

The Professor at our elbow sagely remarks: "What is it all for anyhow? Are not the United States protected on the one side by a ditch twenty-five hundred miles wide and on the other side by a ditch five thousand miles wide? Suppose Germany and England were to combine and send their navies over here to bombard us, their boats would be out of coal by the time they arrived and they would have to go back to re-coal. Suppose they landed an army of a hundred thousand men on our shores, a rat in a trap would not be in so perplexing a predicament."

Will the Honorable Senators, Members of Congress, Cabinet Officers, and President, please take notice!

How They Do It In Oregon

A BETTER WAY

The women of Portland who visited the state institutions as the guests of the Governor and Mrs. West this week found most healthful and wholesome conditions prevailing after two years of the present administration. In the prison enclosure perfect order prevailed and very little display of the authority of force is in evidence. The men were busy or resting from the morning work while waiting for the noon meal. The old lockstep is abolished and men file orderly into their places like any workmen. Wholesome food was served bountifully and cleanly, and here the merit system was used effectively. Most of the men were dressed in ordinary workmen's clothes, a few in stripes. It was found that those in stripes had broken parole and there was no more effectual punishment than putting them into hated stripes that make them as men not to be trusted. Governor West has demonstrated successfully that authority is best upheld by throwing the responsibility on those to be controlled and making the punishment for violated trust the most natural direct result of the offense.

Again the governor showed the wisdom of a true ruler when he appealed to the best that is in a man by showing some faith in him and trusting in him. Every sane man, no matter how depraved, likes still to be thought a man, although, in some, even this spark of manhood seems to be extinct. But in the average wrongdoer it is his one trail back to self-respecting manhood and should not be entirely snuffed out by misapplied authority. The boiling, seething energy of those 650 men has been turned into legitimate channels and the governor pointed with justifiable pride to well-cultivated gardens where recently were mounds of debris. The old foundry has been cleared and the building prepared for a shoe factory. This work, as most of us know, is under the efficient direction of a man, an inmate of the institution, whom Governor West found sullen, defiant, filled with hate and plotting revenge for what he considered unfair treatment since his incarceration. His mighty strength, physical and mental, under these conditions, were a constant menace, and so he had been forced into the "Oregon Boot" and there all this suppressed energy was turned into hate.

There is no better illustration of the wisdom of the new system of cultivating the best instincts of a man than the change in this man. The inmates are considered wards of the state, still the rights of citizenship are only suspended while they are a menace to the public. When they prove themselves worthy of freedom, they get it in "doses," gauged by their own conduct. These methods teach the self-control that is an absolutely essential quality in the makeup of the good citizen. As the adage that "Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do" still holds good, the men are kept busy and yet even those who claim to believe that convict labor destroys the markets of the world, can find no room for criticism here, for their work all goes toward minimizing expenses at all of the state institutions. All of the products of their labor, clothes, shoes, garden truck, fruit, etc., goes to the other institutions, including the schools for the feeble-minded and the blind. The gardens and orchards are extensive, even the asylum, with more than 1700 inmates, does not have to buy a dollar's worth of fruit or vegetables during the year.

Before leaving the penitentiary the ladies were taken to the execution chamber, for the governor hopes to have their support in abolishing capital punishment, and they all came away agreeing with him that everyone who lives in the state is a ward of the state, and the taking of a life for a life is a relic of the barbarous age and not civilized punishment.

More difficult, if possible, than the problems of the penitentiary are those of the asylum. Yet though, through a misunderstanding, the guests came several days before they were expected, conditions were above

criticism. Every part of the building was exquisitely clean, beds were comfortable and a comfortable serenity prevailed that gave a wholesome environment to the patients.

Dr. Steiner and his corps of admirable helpers should have the hearty support of the state for the patient, consecrated service they are giving those 1,700 unfortunates. They, too, have sewing room and workshops, as wholesome employment has proved to be one of the most potent antidotes for unsettled or diseased mentality.

It is the study of those in attendance to preserve natural conditions and vocations and thus help restore mental balance. Through this wise and economic administration wholesome food, clothing, beds and good medical attendance are furnished and expenses reduced to a minimum. Dr. Steiner assured us that under this system the cost per patient was only $13.60 per month. The amount of revenue thus saved to the state to be used for making good roads should induce voters of Oregon to heartily indorse the present administration. JULIA C. LA BARRE.

—From the Oregon Journal, Portland, Ore.

American School Peace League

With no other of the peace agencies perhaps has our co-operation been so direct and responsible as with the American School Peace League, which is in a measure affiliated with the Foundation. This remarkably useful and potential organization was largely planned and formed in the Foundation's midst; for it was recognized that precisely such an organization was needed for peace work in the schools. It meets in the most efficient way one of the greatest of the educational needs to meet which the Foundation was established, and it meets it the more efficiently because its administration is mainly in the hands of public school men themselves, and because the leading public school men all over the country are so largely enlisted in its service. Its president is Dr. James H. Van Sickle, superintendent of schools in Springfield, Mass.; and we ask the attention of all teachers to its singularly strong list of officers in all parts of the country, as published in its last annual report, which we are glad to send to all applicants. Its secretary and executive officer, Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, has shown an organizing skill unsurpassed in these years in any field of the peace work; and she has succeeded not only in extending the organization into almost every State in the Union, but has prompted the inauguration of similar work in Europe.

The National Education Association has unanimously indorsed the work, and the annual conventions of the the Association, in Boston and San Francisco, have been most impressive meetings. The work of the committees of the League charged with the improvement of historical text-books and the general teaching of history in the schools, with the preparation of new studies in social and political morals, with the proper observance in the schools of the Eighteenth of May, the anniversary of the meeting of the First Hague Conference, and the adequate presentation at educational conferences and through the educational press of the principles of the international movement, is work of the most beneficent and imperative character; and it is being done with ever broader scope and ever larger results. The Foundation is able at present to help support this great work only to the extent of $2,500 a year. The League's total annual income is less than $10,000. It ought to be ten times that. There is no field where peace work is more necessary or where it counts for more than in the schools. There is no class more ready to co-operate in the great work than the teachers of the country; and the movement already so splendidly started should be powerfully reinforced. The present United States Commissioner of Education, Dr. Claxton, has no interest more profoundly at heart than this; and there is hardly a prominent educator in the country who is not earnestly with us. The writers of the school histories are more and more catching the spirit of the commanding international movement. Professor Myers, in the last editions of his popular text-book on Modern History,—and this is typical of the present advance in the schools,—has incorporated a final chapter upon "The World State," showing the boys and girls that the struggles and commotions of the ages find their justification and interpretation only as we see that an increasing purpose has pervaded them, and that the tumultuous process is surely leading on and up to international order and co-operation. It is in this confidence and to advance this end that the School Peace League has been called into existence and is doing its great work. We ask all patriotic and serious men and women, all lovers of their country and of humanity, to study the work, to consider its possibilities and its urgent needs; and we ask all those who are able to do it to help us strengthen this department of the work of peace education.

It is to this work of education that the World Peace Foundation is devoted, education both in the broader and the stricter sense,—work for the creation of an intelligent and well-informed public opinion upon the international issues of the time, and work in the schools and colleges to train the rising generation to right thinking and right feeling upon these issues, based upon a true historical background and a true instead of a false patriotism. We shall have a worthy and reliable international sentiment, a sentiment that will be proof against popular passion and able to resist the follies and storms of dangerous crises, when we first have a generation thoroughly trained to right reason. It is only upon such definite and pervasive education that we can permanently or safely depend; and it is to the educational agencies of society, the school, the university, the church, the press, the library, and associations of men and women organized for study and thought, that the World Peace Foundation addresses itself and, through the printed page and spoken word, offers its services. It aims to serve the other peace agencies by providing for their use, as well as for its own, the completest collection of books and pamphlets in the interest of the cause, and gradually for a body of the ablest speakers for every field of work; and it hopes, by faithful service in its special province, to do its part with the various agencies, old and new, now so hopefully uniting, with so much greater resources and so much better organization than ever before, for the efficient service of this commanding cause of the world's peace and order.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

THE PULPIT

DEMOCRACY AND PHILANTHROPY.

By Rev. Percy M. Dawson.

If one were to search the literature of the orient and of the west, including in that search all writings from the remoteset antiquity to the present day, one would find, I believe, but few parables surpassing in simplicity and depth some that have been produced by Leo Tolstoi. From among the parables of Tolstoi, I have selected one called "The Three Hermits," I have abridged it and now offer it for your earnest consideration because, as we shall find later, its theme is both illuminating and suggestive.

It is a fine day at sea and the Bishop on his way from Archangelsk to Solovki is pacing the deck. While thus engaged he overhears some scraps of the conversation of some pilgrims. Attracted by their talk, he questions them and learns that away yonder lies an island upon which dwell three hermits. "What kind of people are these hermits?" asks the Bishop. "God's people" replies one of the company, who is a fisherman, and he goes on to tell how once he had been driven upon that island and that the hermits had fed and dried him and helped him to mend his boat. "One," says he, "is small and stooped, a very old man, in an old cassock; he must be more than a hundred years old. The gray of his beard is turning green, and he smiles all the time and is as bright as an angel of heaven. The second is taller; he, too, is old and wears a ragged caftan; his broad gray beard is streaked yellow, and he is a powerful man; he turned my boat around as though it were a vat, before I had a chance to help him; he also is a cheerful man. The third man is tall; his beard falls down to his knees and is as white as snow; he is a gloomy man, and his brows hang over his eyes; he is all naked, excepting that he is girded with a piece of matting." "What did they tell you?" asks the Bishop. "They did everything mostly in silence, and spoke little to one another. When one looked up, the others understood him. I asked the tall man how long they had been living there. He frowned and muttered something, as though he were angry, but the little hermit took his arm and smiled, and the tall one grew silent. All the little hermit said was: 'Have mercy on us,' and smiled."

The Bishop now seeks the captain. He insists on being landed on the island, he will not be dissuaded, he will take no excuse. No, he the Bishop must do what he can for these holy men. The anchor is cast, a boat is lowered and now the Bishop is approaching the island; before him lies the shore and upon it stand the three hermits, a tall man, all naked, save for a mat about his loins; the next in size, in a tatterd caftan; and the stooping old man, in an old cassock. There they stand holding each other's hands.

The oarsmen row up to the shore and catch their hooks in it. The Bishop lands. The old men bow to him. He blesses them, and they bow lower still. Then the Bishop begins to talk to them: "I have heard, that you are here, hermits of God, saving your souls and praying to Christ our God for men. I, an unworthy servant of Christ, have been called here by the mercy of God to tend his flock, and so I wanted to see you, the servants of God, and to give you some instruction, if I can do so." The hermits keep silence, and smile, and look at one another. "Tell me, how do you save yourselves and serve God?" asks the Bishop. The middle sized hermit heaves a sigh and looks at the older, the stooping hermit. And the stooping hermit smiles and says: "We do not know, O servant of God, how to serve God. We only support ourselves." "How, then, do you pray to God?" And the stooping hermit replies, "We pray thus: There are three of you and three of us,—have mercy on us!" The Bishop smiles and says: "You have heard that about the Holy Trinity, but you do not pray in the proper way. I like you, hermits of God, and I see that you want to please God, but do not know how to serve him. I will teach you, not according to my way, but from the gospel will I teach you as God has commanded all men to pray to him." And now the Bishop sets about teaching the hermits the Lord's prayer. With wonderful patience he repeats it again and again and at length with extreme difficulty all three learn it, word for word, and repeat it many times to the satisfaction of the Bishop.

It is beginning to grow dark, when the Bishop gets up to go back to the ship. He bids the hermits good-bye, and they bow to the ground before him. He raises each of them, and kisses them and tells them to pray as he has taught them and enters the boat, and is rowed back to the ship. And as the boat is rowed toward the ship, the Bishop hears the hermits loudly repeating the Lord's prayer in three voices. The boat comes nearer to the ship and the voices of the hermits can no longer be heard, but in the light of the rising moon they can be seen standing on the shore, in the spot where they had been left; the smallest of them is in the middle, the tallest on the right, and the middle sized man on the left. The Bishop reaches the ship and climbs up to the deck. The anchors were weighed, the sails unfurled, and the wind drives the ship, and on they sail. The Bishop walks upon the deck, sits down there and looks at the island. At first the hermits could be seen, then they disappear from view, and only the island can be seen; then the island, too, disappears and only the sea glitters in the moonlight.

The pilgrims lie down to sleep. And everything grows quiet on the deck. But the Bishop does not feel like sleeping. He sits alone, looks out over the sea to where the island has disappeared. He is thinking of the good hermits. He thinks of how glad they were to have learned the prayer, and thanks God for having taken him there to help God's people,—to teach them the word of God. The Bishop is sitting and thinking and looking out to sea, to where the island had disappeared.

There is something unsteady before his eyes, something is moving upon the water. Is it a gull, or a dolphin or a boat? What can it be? How swiftly it comes. It looks like a man but no, it is too large for a man and then how could a man be there in mid ocean. He hastens to the helmsman and asks almost excitedly, "What is it my friend,

what is it?" The helmsman turns; he cries aghast "Holy Mother of God, the hermits are running after us upon the sea as if it were dry land." The pilgrims hurry to their feet. The hermits reach the ship and call to the Bishop, "O servant of God, we have forgotten your lesson. So long as we repeated it, we remembered it; but when we stopped for an hour, one word leaped out, and then the rest scattered. So teach us again."

The Bishop crosses himself and bows before the hermits. "Even your prayer, hermits of God, reaches the Lord. It is not for me to teach you. Pray for us sinful men!"

The hermits have departed walking back over the sea. Silence has fallen upon the ship broken only by the swash of the waves against the prow. The Bishop has fallen upon his knees on the moonlit deck and as when the host is raised before the altar of some great cathedral, so now do the sailors and pilgrims bow ever lower and lower beneath the gem studded vault of heaven each heart seeking its Maker and echoing the prayer of the hermits, "Have mercy upon us. Have mercy upon us!"

Even in its abridged form it is a soul-stirring parable, so that when we turn from it to the affairs of our own land and our own time, we need have no fear of forgetting it. We shall always hold it in reserve, as it were, and when in the course of this discussion or elsewhere an appropriate occasion arises, we may be sure that this tale will at once appear in consciousness, demanding our attention and promising to illustrate or illuminate the matter in hand, if only we apply the parable thereto. Let us turn then to the world of men and affairs, to the events of the society in which we live.

If there is one phenomenon which is a conspicuous characteristic of the present day, which is perhaps one of the most hopeful features of our civilization, it is the growth of humanitarianism. It is true that humanitarian sentiments have their origin in the remote past, that religion has at all times fostered sympathy and charity. "I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor," cries Job. And when Jesus was asked, "Art thou he that cometh, or look we for another?" his only answer was to point to his works of mercy as if these alone were sufficient evidence of his Messiahship. And so for 2,000 years the Christian Church has held up Jesus as an example and told and retold the parable of the Good Samaritan. Nor is this solicitude for the unfortunate confined to Christendom. We may recall the grim threat of the Talmud "The house that will not open to the poor shall open to the physician," while Mohammedans, Confucians, Buddhists, Hindoos, and Zoroastrians all receive an impetus to benevolent sentiments and beneficent deeds from their respective sacred writings. But nevertheless, after giving all these facts their due weight, it is certain that during the last century and especially during the latter half of it, there has been, at least in western countries, an enormous acceleration of the growth of humanitarian ideas, a rapidly increasing consciousness of the meaning, implications and applications of the phrase, "the brotherhood of man." The solidarity of the human race, the preciousness of human life, the essential worth of all individuals in spite of such superficial differences as are created by rank, wealth and race, these are the ideas which underlie the great religious and ethical revival of today, which finds expression in hundreds of philanthropic movements, hundreds of efforts at social betterment, hundreds of attempts to realize true political and economic justice.

But let us not deal merely with generalizations, let us single out as an example of these philanthropic efforts a movement which may be regarded as typical of many others and which has the further advantage of being important and well known. Let us consider the settlement movement. "The settlement movement," writes Miss Jane Addams, "is only a manifestation of that wide humanitarian movement which throughout Christendom, but preeminently in England, is endeavoring to embody itself not in a sect but in society itself."

The cry of the Russian Nihilists of the early sixties "To the people," their irresistible impulse to leave all behind and "go among the people" has found expression among us in the settlement movement and no form of philanthropy has afforded greater opportunities to souls yearning for service or has yielded more striking results. To have felt the "Weltschmertz," to have had a vision of mankind crucified upon a cross of ignorance and sin, and, in compassion, to give up a life, perhaps of relative ease, for the purpose of seeking, finding and administering to the less fortunate, to be a friendly visitor, to be a neighbor, to be a Good Samaritan, what more noble or ennobling ideal! What impulse comes more direct from heaven than that "to go among the people."

But pause for a moment. Does not the parable of Tolstoi rise up before us? Do we not suddenly become aware that besides the saints and sages of the settlement movement, there are hundreds of bishops, who are teaching the Lord's prayer to hermits holier than themselves. Without imagination, without ethical perspective, without a saving sense of humor, without the actor's power of placing oneself in the position of another, these bishops of the slums blunder along. To the lower classes, so called, the creed of the upper classes, so called, must be taught and the upper class faith is this, that we are the salt of the earth, the more salty in that we come to teach the poor and ignorant; and of the things, which we do and say and wear and use and think none is afore and none after but all are proper and essential to the welfare of all men. How often have those of you who know the settlements found this creed cropping up now in one form and now in another. In the language of religion we say that these bishops lack humility and in language of the settlement we say that they are undemocratic.

Of course the leaders of the settlement movement are above such absurdities. They have been imbued not only with the spirit of service but with the spirit of democracy, not only with the spirit of fraternity but with that of equality as well. "There must be an overmastering belief," writes Miss Addams, "that all that is noblest in life is common to men as men." "The settlement," writes Mrs. Simkovitch of New York, "is founded on a belief that the springs of character and of the best social development are to be found in the lives of our working

people . . .” The key of the situation is democracy. With all our piety and our education, with all our well-meant efforts and personal self-sacrifice, if we have not learned the lesson of democracy, we may at any time find ourselves kneeling on a moonlit deck crying “Have mercy upon us.”

But is the work or rather the unconscious or well-meant malpractice of bishops, felt only in the social settlement? Not at all. The qualities which make a good settlement worker are the same which are brought into requisition by any environment which brings into juxtaposition persons of very different classes in society. The homes of those who are in comfortable circumstances and especially of the rich present just such an environment, for in the home are brought together in very intimate contact very different classes of society. Do they mix? Very seldom. Indeed it is so difficult to form a homogeneous household that one may be an exemplary settlement worker but the crudest of bishops in the home. Let us consider two families: The Hydes live in Hyde Park and the Halsteds live on Halsted Street. Now Mrs. Hyde greets Mrs. Halsted with great cordiality when they meet at the Settlement and also when they meet at Mrs. Halsted’s house but does Mrs. Halsted ever call at Mrs. Hyde’s house in Hyde Park or ride in Mrs. Hyde’s automobile? Does she? And again Mrs. Hyde is delighted to meet Miss Halsted in the Settlement but if she found Miss Halsted cooking in her own kitchen in Hyde Park would she be Miss Halsted or merely Mary Ann? The Hydes talk about equality and the glorious abolition of social distinctions but the line between those who may eat in the dining-room and those who must eat in the kitchen is drawn with the greatest precision. The Hydes all talk about the dignity of labor but they see to it that their sons and their daughters, be they ever so stupid or inefficient, are protected from the necessity of doing undignified labor and from associating with persons who perform undignified labor. And they even welcome the presence of the Catholic and the Methodist churches because they tend to keep their servants and themselves out of the same pews in church and their children out of the same Sunday-school classes.

All this is not thought incompatible with the fact that Miss Hyde is a settlement worker or a friendly visitor. It is not thought to be incompatible by the Hydes but how about the Halsteds? They think quite otherwise. And so when Mr. Hyde and Mr. Halsted run for office, Mr. Halsted wins. It matters not if Mr. Halsted is incompetent; it matters not if Mr. Halsted is dishonest; Mr. Halsted is one of the people. They know him, they understand him but the Hydes in spite of all their efforts, are not of the people and never can be of the people, until they have attained that fine feeling of democracy which recognizes no social distinctions whatsoever.

The problems of the Settlement are the same as the problems of the home. But in the latter the difficulties are even greater than the former. It is only proper that the work of democratization should have been begun in the Settlement where the demands of the situation are most obvious. But it is a result not second to any which is usually recognized, that the Settlement should have provided us with a new angle from which to view the household.

As we pause to scan the problems which confront us, we are at first appalled. But there is really no cause for discouragement. Our civilization is still young and we are progressing very fast. Chattel slavery has only just past away, wage-slavery has only just begun to wane. We are gradually throwing off our original sin, the egoism and stupidity which we have inherited from our animal ancestors. As the Bishop learned his lesson, so no doubt are we slowly learning ours. We are learning that if this great wave of humanitarianism is not to lead us into contradictions and absurdities, it must be accompanied by a spirit of democracy. Fraternity, unless it implies equality, is only another name for paternalism. More and more are we coming to understand the hard sayings of Jesus: “But be not ye called Rabbi; for one is your teacher, and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father on earth; for one is your father which is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters; for one is your Master, even Christ. But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant. And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be humbled; and whosoever shall humble himself shall be axalted.”

THE PERFECT STATE

Where is the perfect state
Early most blest and late,
  Perfect and bright?
’Tis where no palace stands
Trembling on shifting sands,
  Morning and night.
’Tis where the soul is free,
Where, far as eye may see,
Scattered o’er hill and lea,
  Homesteads abound;
Where clean and broad and sweet,
(Market, square, lane and street,
Belted by leagues of wheat),
  Cities are found.

Where is the perfect state,
Early most blest and late,
  Gentle and good?
’Tis where no lives are seen
Huddling in lanes unclean,
  Crying for food;
’Tis where the home is pure,
’Tis where the bread is sure,
’Tis where the wants are fewer,
  And each want fed;
Where plenty and peace abide,
Where health dwells heavenly-eyed,
Where in nooks beautified
  Slumber the dead.

Where is the perfect state,
Unvexed by wrath and hate,
  Quiet and just?
Where to no form of creed,
Fetter’d are thought and deed,
  Reason and trust?
’Tis where the great free mart
Broadens, while from its heart
Forth the great ships depart
  Blown by the wind;
’Tis where the wise men’s eyes,
Fixed on the earth and skies,
Seeking for signs, devise
  Good for mankind. —*Robert Buchanan.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER

Back to the hill tops! What a joy to stand high enough to see the unity of individual elements, and to be made conscious that one divine purpose through all doth run! To have been privileged to have stood upon some of the great high places of the world and then after three years to have returned to Tower Hill to realize that it stands well the test of comparison, has given joy to one's soul. Tower Hill in its purpose and method seems linked to the eternal plan in that it goes on without much change, building upon the everlasting foundation of things. Without the usual amusements of the conventional summer resorts, w woods dwellers on the Hill have the privilege of developing individual initiative and originality. It is such happiness to get down to the absolute essentials of living and to see the non-essentials disappear.

The Vesper Hour Sunday with one of Zona Gale's human stories from her book, "Mothers to Men," gave us the spiritual thought for the week.

The class work, the distinguishing feature of Tower Hill, keeps up its interest. The Science Class has been making us acquainted with some of our feathered neighbors.

The Class in Music Appreciation, whose study this season is Musical Analysis, has been considering the fundamental elements in music, rhythm, melody and harmony. Comparison has been made to the fine arts regarding the ideas common to all and the relation to all experiences of life, including the fundamental religious ideas discussed in the Class in Religion. Illustrations from various forms of music, of both classic and romantic schools, have been given.

What an eliminator of time and space is the study of the Religions of the Elder World! Much of our conceit of modern thought and attainment vanishes before the light of the products of those twenty and ten centuries before Christ. It behooves us to look well to our ethical and spiritual laurels as we stand on the high places with those ancient ethicists and spiritual diviners. The week has been spent in the thought of the religion of India, that vast fount of spiritual wealth so little comprehended by us.

The dates 1600 to 1858 marking the limits of the existence of the East India Company, with its history of cruel, commercial subjugation; 1746 to 1794, Sir William Jones' time of great benefit to the world through his work of bringing forth some of the treasures of India; the Asiatic Society, 1784, which was the benignant outgrowth from Sir William Jones' work, were dates given as pivotal to the student of the religion of India.

Nothing in the later Greek classics, or in the product of Christian evolution has reached a higher mark in literature than have the ancient Classics of India, namely, the Vedas, the Ramayana, the Maha Bharata, the Bhagavad Gita. As we have dipped into these marvelous poems through the help of translations of Morier, Williams, Edwin Arnold and others, we have been deeply impressed with their exquisite poetry, their ethical virility and their spiritual power. Well could the Humane Society for the education of kindness to animals use one of the stories in the Maha Bharata as a powerful inspiration for its work. The Peace Society could find no more convincing argument for a tract in the interest of its work than the opening chapter of the Bhagavad Gita. The stories of these poems are so fascinating that one wonders why they have not been made a part of our public school and college curriculum to lead the youthful mind to a knowledge of the fine.

While Brahmanism and its various outgrowths in religion are still burdened with the curse of the caste system, the atrocious subjugation of woman; while they continue to menace the strength of the race, the continuity of the people by making a dogmatic limitation of food; yet this vast country of India, the very cradle of our known religions, still holds the secret of the poise of the spirit and has the power to reveal to its followers a cosmic elevation. It might be profitable for us to consider deeply the comment upon the religions of our Occident world shadowed forth in the following words, expressed by Princess Prativa

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of India: "The women of the rest of the world are so unhappy. We of India alone know the art of happiness. I am glad that there is an opportunity to carry the Gospel of Peace into the nations of the restless. I want to go to America, for it is the most restless, unhappy land of all. America is rich! Yes! Yes! But what of that? We judge a nation by the status of its women and the status of the American women is eternal unrest. They lack that calm center of philosophy without which life is a whirlpool and the world is in a vast turmoil. They talk loudly. They are not enough alone. They do not read enough. They chatter too much and think too little."

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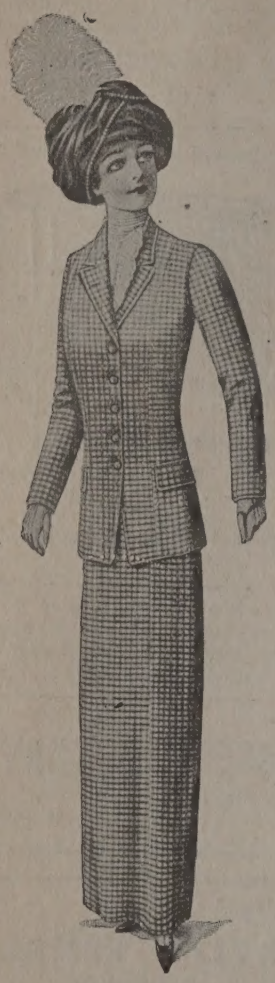

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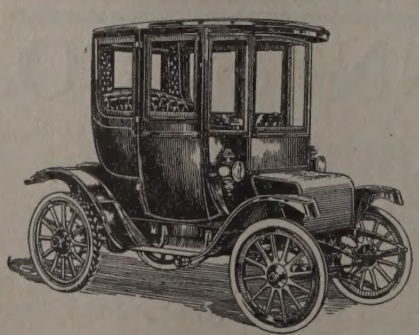

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